

MARCH.

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THE

# MANIFESTO

PUBLISHED BY THE UNITED SOCIETIES.

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VOL. XXIV.

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"CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS; FOR THOU SHALT FIND IT AFTER MANY DAYS."

*Eccle. XI:1.*

EAST CANTERBURY, N. H.

1895.

## THE MANIFESTO.

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# The Manifesto.

THE ONLY PERIODICAL PUBLISHED BY THE SHAKERS.

Vol. XXV.

MARCH, 1895.

No. 3.

Entered at the Post Office at East Canterbury, N. H., as Second-Class Matter.

## HISTORY OF SOUTH UNION, KY. NO. 17.

MAY 13. 1863. A company of fifty Confederate cavalry come dashing across the railroad not far from our buildings. The frightened Brethren hastily unhitched their horses from the ploughs and wagons and rode away, either to tell the story of a guerilla fight or to find for themselves a place of safety.

The Confederates soon formed in line of battle on the north of the railroad, while several persons were engaged in placing a heavy fence rail under the iron rail on one side and on the rail on the opposite side. Soon the train came rolling along under the charge of the Federals. Several of the Brethren and neighbors tried in vain to give warning to the engineer. The men in line of battle by the side of the track, and the obstructions were soon discovered, however, and the brakes were put on, but not soon enough to stop the cars. As the train moved slowly along it was very fortunate that the cow-catcher caught under the wooden rail and threw it around, without stopping the passage of the cars.

So soon as the cars were near enough the guerillas fired into them, which was immediately returned by a squad of Federals who were on the train. This sudden outburst resulted in the death of a young southern soldier, a ball having struck him in the region of the heart. His horse carried him some forty yards from the scene of action before he fell. One beautiful horse was also wounded. On the Federal side no one was either killed or wounded.

In about an hour after the fight, a company of fifty Federal cavalry were

in hot pursuit of the flying guerillas. One soldier swinging his hat in the air, cried out that he had sent three rebels to glory. Capt. Johnson does not approve of our making a coffin for the young man who was killed, but says he ought to be hung up where the crows could eat him. We do not conclude to heed this advice but make a plain coffin, and place the body in it as best we can. It is then taken to Russellville for interment. Thus ended this scene of blood which for a short time caused quite an excitement among the peace-loving members of our little village.

May 14. General Order No 18, is issued from head-quarters U. S. forces at Russellville, Ky., and is placed in the Post Office:—

"All male citizens of Logan Co., who have not taken the oath, are required to report at the Provost Marshal's office in the town of Russellville, on or before the 1st day of June next, and take the oath of allegiance to the U. S. Government. Any one failing to comply with this order will be at once arrested and sent south of the Federal lines not to return again during the rebellion under penalty of death."

(signed)

BRIG. GEN'L SHACKELFORD.

Two Brethren, as a committee for the Society, go to remonstrate against taking the oath, which might be construed to force us to take up arms in case of seeming necessity. Gen'l Shackelford being absent, Lieut. Holloway said we could return to our home and wait the return of the general, and if they wished us to take the oath, some one would visit us. On the return of the general he wrote to us, saying, "You will not be requested to take the oath." So it is that the Lord hath a care for his people.

[We copy in this place a letter written to the President of the U. S. on the 16th of Aug. 1863. Ed.]

TO THE HONORABLE ABRAHAM LINCOLN, PRESIDENT OF THE U. S.  
KIND FRIEND;—"Strike, but hear."

The armies of the south, like a great prairie fire swept over this part of Ky. in the fall and winter of 1861, licking up the substance of the land. We were humbled before its power and for many months remained the quiet subjects of the Confederate Government, obeying all its behests save one which nobly and generously they permitted us to disregard, and that was, to take up arms in their behalf. They encamped for days, as many as a thousand at a time, in our lots and occupied our buildings. We chopped and hauled wood for their camp fires and slaughtered our animals for their commissariat, and at all hours in the night we were compelled to furnish food for hundreds at a time.

They pressed all our wagons and horses of value for army purposes; but for these they paid a moderate price in Confederate scrip. It was then we prayed earnestly,—

"O Lord, who art Almighty, if it be thy will, deliver us from our enemies."

The worst of whom were our elated and high-headed neighbors. This, our prayer was partially answered, when your loud ordinance was heard, to open on Bowling Green, fourteen miles north east of this place. Since that time, we have suffered much from the ebb and flow of the tide of war, until a good part of what the fire left, the merciless and surging billows have in their turn swept away so that we have been left, as it were, writhing sometimes under the heel of one power and sometimes another.

Your armies have visited us from a small squad, to five or six thousand at a time. Our barns were cheerfully relieved of their contents, our fences turned into camp fires, (for these we have been paid by you) but gratuitously have we furnished food for thousands of your men. Of this we complain not. To our uniform kindness, (if we must say it,) all your armies that have passed us, all your hospitals within our reach, all your post surgeons and commanders can bear witness. When your supplies were cut off at Green River, your officers pressed our sugar for hospital purposes, our cellars disgorged themselves of nearly a thousand dollars worth, for which so far, on account of some informality, we have striven in vain to obtain one cent of remuneration. We state these things now, not by way of complaint, but merely as grounds, (coming to your knowledge) on which we may rest a hope that we may be treated on the sensitive point, with as much lenity and as much justice, as we were by the Confederates while we were subjects of their government.

Is it impossible that ones friends can be as tolerant, as just and generous as their enemies? Must our prayers be reversed, and we cry to the Lord to be delivered from our friends? After we have uncomplainingly borne until we can scarcely bear longer? Must we receive from our friends "the most unkindest cut of all," besides the derision, jeers and mocks of our enemies? Shall the main support of one hundred and fifty women, children and invalids be taken from them? Must this, indeed, be added to our yet untold sufferings? Heaven grant it may not be. We have yet in our Society about twenty-four young men between the ages of eighteen and forty-five years, a majority of whom would be capable of doing some kind of service in the Federal army, but who are the main support of the women, children and invalids above mentioned, a number of whom will not shoulder a musket, nor bear about their persons the weapons of war, who having been taught from infancy to love, and not to fight their enemies, would sooner lay down their own lives than to aid, even remotely, in taking that of another.

If this was respected by the Confederate government, can it be ignored by the Federal? It is to be hoped not. Were it possible to convince us that we could love a man and shoot him at the same time(!) we could hardly spare either the numbers or the few thousand dollars demanded in lieu of them. Add to this the serious fact that these young men, through us their leaders, have pledged themselves (we do not swear) not to fight against the

Confederate government. Must we be compelled to violate this pledge? Certainly not; still, as long as we are able, we will "feed the hungry and clothe the naked," as an act of humanity and Christian duty, but not for the purpose of supporting war, but will cheerfully "render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and unto God, the things that are God's."

We are aware that you are oppressed and harassed on all sides and deeply do we sympathize with you and therefore make our words few. If you can not exempt all the Shakers in the north, who have scarcely felt the war, never having witnessed your marshaled hosts nor the desolating and deathly tread of an army,—Is it selfish in us to claim that our pledges, our losses and our sufferings, and that in the midst of your enemies, demands that our Society in Ky. should be the object of your commiseration and fostering care? Or can it be God's will, that after having been spared by our enemies, we shall be blotted from the earth by our friends? Surely not.

To take the young men of our home to sure demoralization and slaughter or further wrest from us our means of support, with all that has been done, would seem cruel. Our principles are above conditions. There is not money enough in the vaults of the nation to buy them nor to induce one truly honest Shaker to engage in any war against his fellow man. We do not expect that absolute equality of burden is attainable in the present condition of things, only an approximation toward it; but where it can be, it should be. We ask for simple justice, nothing more,—hardly that.

We look upon you as not only the friend of humanity and the rights of man, but as the chosen instrument of God, in this time of the nation's peril. But the instrument of God dares to do right. Now that our young men are threatened with enrollment and draft, and are only held (some of them) by their friends, from crossing the Tennessee line,—we ask and feel almost certain you will, from the foregoing consideration, grant exemptions from draft the few young persons of our Community, on whom so much depends, seeing especially that each one has more to do for the support of others, than the only son of a widow, now by law exempt.

With what ease you can render us the simple justice for which we pray, and enable us to hold within our sacred precincts these of whom we shall shortly be bereft if we "find not favor in thy sight." Only tell us at the earliest possible moment, consistent with your other duties, that you will release them. You will then have done for us a favor equal to all the losses we have sustained and will receive the cordial and heart-felt thanks of a grateful Community. We will not weary you more, but humbly wait and hope and pray. We are sincerely,

Your friends,

To the Honorable Abraham Lincoln,  
President of the United States,  
Washington, D. C.

John N. Rankin  
H. L. Eads, Leaders of the Society of Shakers at So. Union, Ky.

(To be continued.)

## A SHAKER'S TESTIMONY AGAINST WAR.

*By Thomas J. Stroud.*

I AM unable to see how it can admit of an argument that, as disciples of the Prince of Peace, we can not fight or commit any act of violence. The Christian does not worship or even respect "the God of battles;" in fact, the true Christian is a great deal better than such a God. We are not discussing questions of public policy by worldly-minded politicians, but we are representing the teachings of Christ. As a question of public policy, behold what the war spirit has done for Europe. Its manhood is kept from the pursuits of peace by military exactions; the public treasure is expended on its armies and navies until several of the greatest military nations are on the verge of bankruptcy, and all the people of Europe are galled and nearly overwhelmed by excessive taxation. Supposing it were possible for the nations of Europe to do away with their armaments and to live in peace with each other, would they not manifestly be in a much happier condition? It is to be regretted that the government of this country is expending public money on military and naval armaments, and that the military spirit is being encouraged by drilling pupils in high schools and churches. If the people of this country desire the blessing of the God of love they should cultivate the art of peace.

The founder of our faith, Mother Ann Lee, received her revelation in England, and came to this country in the time of the Revolution. She had been driven from England on account of her testimony,—that the Christian religion was one of peace, and a life of virtue was the only Christian life. When she came to this country she was persecuted for uttering the same testimony; was arrested and imprisoned at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on a charge of being a British spy, because the country was at war with the British, and her testimony if obeyed by the people at large, would leave them a prey to their enemies. Is not this an exact parallel to the testimony of Jesus. His enemies said,—We must kill him, because if the people believe his word, the Romans will come and destroy us. But the testimony of Mother Ann took deep root in the hearts of many, and has continued to bear fruit to the present day.

*Shaker Station, Conn.*

## COME TO THE JUDGMENT.

*(A Visionary Dream.)**By Catherine Allen.*

I SEEMED to be in a spacious hall dedicated to religious purposes, the end of which was arranged with rising seats, facing isles which occupied the body of the room, and where were seated many Brethren and Sisters, and some not yet numbered with Believers, who had been attracted by some magnetic influence.

On the first rising seats, facing the isles, were the present Ministry and Elders of Mt. Lebanon; on either side of them were the Orders of Ministry and Elders from other branches of Zion. Behind these, on still ascending seats were a glorified number,—the spirits of departed Ministry and Elders. Among them I recognized many whom I had known as standing in the gift of the Anointed while in this life, and I realized that all with them associated, had been called as witnesses in the judgment work of souls.

The appearance they presented can only be conceived by the interior sense. The collective body of Elders of themselves formed a White Throne from which the emanating aura ascended like a shining mist in a cloud above them, over which radiantly glowed the Divine presence in the light of Shekinah. The garments of this number were of a gleaming whiteness, and the atmosphere around them seemed dense with spiritual force. From each individual came forth an ethereal substance direct as shafts of light, all converging to one centre. That centre was an altar placed at the feet of the Elders, and that substance was the pure love of God; and formed the living, quenchless flame which glowed thereon. From the illuminated cloud pendent above the altar, rolled forth in mellow cadences, the richest harmony. A song unclothed with words, but strong, deep and tender in sentiment which the soul could understand. It was divinest music, which reached the innermost being with an earnest pleading to "Come to the Judgment! Come to the Judgment! Enter the flame and be purified."

So appealing were its tones; so rich in a love unknown to the natural mind, that it brought to me an overwhelming power of conviction, under which I felt such a sense of the "sinfulness of sin;"—such an abhorrence of its nature within my own being, that to be freed therefrom was my only concern. The thought of the privilege to be cleansed from sin, so far exceeded the fear of burning, that it was with joy intense I approached the altar. But the work could not be done in a moment. It was first to lay off all covering, and then to unfold my inner self deed by deed, thought by thought.

While commencing this, I glanced upward to those above me who formed the White Throne of Judgment, and Cloud of Witnesses. Every eye was centred on the work that I was doing; but with no glance of scorn or severity, only that of compassion and encouragement. I felt deeply humiliated in exposing to the view of those pure and exalted beings, all the deformities and miserable conditions of my fallen state. But, under the burden of sin, I felt as Mother once expressed;—"I could confess before the whole world." In agony of soul I cried out:—"It matters not how I appear, I am just as I am, a poor, weak child of nature. I will lay bare my condition; I will uncover to the deepest depths. O beloved Ones! Anointed of Christ,—in mercy to my poor soul do witness for me. Turn not your gaze away lest your power cease to come, and the altar fires grow dim!"

As I proceeded in the work, I experienced as never before, how potent

was the love of God to cast out every fear, and also realized how flimsy and vain were all the reasonings and excuses of nature to satisfy conscience, for, as soon as opened to the light, these were consumed like cobwebs, leaving only the bare motives,—the soul quality in its exact meaning that had prompted each deed and word.

On this occasion many were deeply exercised under the power of conviction, and sought as the greatest privilege of their lives that of accepting the invitation to "Come to the Judgment."

*Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.*

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## Correspondence.

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WATERVLIET, OHIO. JAN. 1, 1895.

DEAR MANIFESTO:—My first letter of this new year shall be devoted to you. Will beloved Elder Henry Blinn and the readers of your esteemed pages, kindly accept the love and compliments of the season, from the members of our little household of faith dwelling here? A happy new year to all who love and live Mother's gospel.

By this same mail I enclose you a copy of a small tract on "Pork, or the Dangers of Pork-eating Exposed." It proves that pork is unfit for human food and refutes the various apologies offered for pork-eating. I should like to know whether it merits your approval. If it does, and you should care to recommend the tract, it can be had of the Pacific Press Publishing Co., Oakland, Cal."

The cost is merely nominal, a cent or two a copy. As far as I know, the world has ceased its active persecution of Believers in Christ's Second Appearing, but having ourselves suffered in the past, we ought to know how to sympathize with all honest people who are suffering persecution now for conscience sake. From Seventh Day Advent friends and from the newspapers, it is painful to learn of bitter persecution of inoffensive "Bible Christians" by their fellow Protestants in America and Europe and in far off Australia as well. Religious intolerance and persecution are the marks of the beast.

The Protestant reformers ate sour grapes, and their children's teeth are set on edge to this day. These persecuted seventh-day keepers have formed an association having branches in this country, and Canada, and England, and Switzerland, and Australia. The following is its platform.

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES  
OF THE INTERNATIONAL RELIGIOUS LIBERTY ASSOCIATION.

We believe in the religion taught by Jesus Christ.

We believe in temperance, and regard the liquor traffic as a curse to society.

We believe in supporting the civil government, and submitting to its authority.

We deny the right of any civil government to legislate on religious questions.

We believe it is the right, and should be the privilege, of every man to worship according to the dictates of his own conscience.

We also believe it to be our duty to use every lawful and honorable means to prevent religious legislation by the civil government; that we and our fellow-citizens may enjoy the inestimable blessings of both religious and civil liberty.

Is there a true Believer in our own Society who would be unwilling to endorse this declaration? I am persuaded that there is none. Surely, those possessing the spirit of Christ, could unite with secularists and all upright men on the last three articles of this declaration. Shall pious ears never cease to be offended by such self-contradictory expressions as a Christian nation, begetting Christian offspring, the American Sabbath and the like?

In the venerated Bro. Hollister's Shaker Catechism, I have found a perfect treasure. Many have felt the need of such a work. Selections from it are being read here to the Community. Our good Elder intends to order several copies for general use, but sad to state, the "filthy lucre" is somewhat scarce at present; but we are living in hopes of better times.

Eldress Hester broke her arm some six weeks since, but is recovering fairly considering her age. The feast of Jesus' nativity has been celebrated with much joy and Christian hilarity by both our families. Meetings well attended and love and blessings mutually exchanged.

May the grace of our Lord and Mother's love be with us all.

Sincerely yours,

BERNARD E. HARDING.

[*The following is a little pleasantry, taken from a letter that was not written for publication, so we withhold the name. Ed.*]

DEAR FRIEND,

ELDER HENRY;—I think you and we will have to blow the blast a "leetle" louder before the dead will awaken.

How about going to Florida, to the miasmatic swamps where the bull-frogs croak, and the crocodiles play hide and seek? Where the flies and fleas abound, and the humming-birds bask in the tropical sun, where all can sing praises and where the banana, fig, pine-apple and oranges all grow, even in the night while we are asleep. All this without labor. It is a fine place.

There we can have plenty of hoe-cake and bacon, all for the asking, as it flows as freely as the milk and honey did to the children of Israel when they entered the promised land. O what a glorious country;—let us flee! Where? to the land of promise, where we can sing praises without working, as all we will need will grow spontaneously.

Let us give all that we have to the poor that are around us, and flee from the wrath to come that we enjoy the blessings of the solid south where some things rule and other things abound. O it is a beautiful prospect and we are interested in all good things.

Yours kindly, A.

[Contributed by Eldress L. E. Greene.]

## DO NOT JUDGE YOUR NEIGHBOR.

*By Sophia L. Schenck.*

Do not judge your neighbor, harshly,  
 Be not hasty to condemn ;  
 Things unknown to you may alter  
 What now seems averse to them.  
 Shadows, looking dark and dismal,  
 Could you rightly comprehend  
 Might assume a brighter aspect  
 And ward off some bitter end.  
 Often in this life of trial,  
 Upright hearts are falsely charged ;  
 Gossips toss the merest trifle  
 Till it soon becomes enlarged.  
 Do not add your censure to it,  
 Lest you live the deed to rue.  
 Think, what seems to brand your neighbor.  
 Possibly may prove untrue.  
 Better far defend a brother  
 When sharp, poisoned arrows fly ;  
 Your kind word may change the current  
 Of the public hue and cry.  
 When a man is down, don't strike him  
 But extend your friendly aid.  
 One lift may give him courage  
 And his downward course be stayed.

## EFFECTIVE SOUL LABOR.

*By Mabel E. Lane.*

IT has been said that the divine attributes of God—Love, Truth, Charity, Mercy and Justice are in all men and women, either in the germinal form or in different stages of development and are destined to give power over every form of evil.

The chain of error which so often confines the soul in a dark prison can only be broken by the force of divine goodness and only when the soul is released, can it breathe the clear atmosphere of heaven and behold the beauty and glory of God. It is impossible to attain the heights of holiness and perfection, without first passing through the trial and experience which serves to eliminate from our character all that hinders our spiritual progress.

The tiny rivulet courses down the mountain side, meanders through meadows, ripples through valleys and joins a broader stream which will carry it to the boundless sea; so the flow of pure thought and action broadens into the river of soulful life, whose current is ever flowing on to the ocean of perfect attainment.

The ways of human nature are subtle and so often the king of Wrong usurps control of the heart and rules with his cruel scepter, that it is necessary to become strong and valiant for the right, to be clothed in an armor of purity that no earthly power may penetrate to harm or destroy the good. We can not enter the beautiful temple of righteousness, kneel before its sacred altar and receive the holy unction from heaven, without first passing through long avenues which lead away from centers of selfishness where we keep our cherished idols. Although there may be many doors and windows in the house of God, yet the entrance through which every one must pass is the lowly gateway of humility.

How often sentiments from elevated minds inspire us to higher motives and aspirations, they seem to add rich harmony which not only blends with the simple melody of the soul but its vibration thrills the whole being with ecstasy, touching chords which have hitherto been silent, or they are like threads on which we may string our purest pearls—the best thoughts and highest motives of the soul.

"Ideals are the world's masters. That self which thinks, judges and knows is always in advance of that other self which wills, acts and lives; and all the spare capital of the soul, all that is not appropriated to the daily uses and experiences of its life, is invested in ideals, projected into forms where it may be kept, contemplated and worshiped, as the instituted sources of inspiration," and lead us nearer to God. How often these ideals gleam and wave before our inner sight, yet for want of true moral courage and diligence we fail to reach them and embody them in our lives.

No achievement is wrought without patience, the jeweled talisman which generally brings success. It is said of the silver-leaved poplar that it grows in one decade but dies in the next, while the sturdy oak requires a century to attain its full growth and then lives and dies at leisure. Is it not measurably so with human life? Good which is gained spontaneously may not always be of enduring worth, but virtue attained by self-mastery is lasting and will not pass away. "The crutch of time eventually does more than the club of Hercules." It is only by degrees that we can receive the unfolding truth, thus bring the spiritual nature into oneness with God.

*Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.*

---

"We speak of petty trials which we would not allow to destroy our peace as if the waves could affect the majesty or touch the depth of the ocean!"

## LOOK UPWARD.

*By Julia M. Lincoln.*

Look upward, e'en tho' trials compass thee  
 And clouds hang o'er the path thy feet must tread,  
 And doubts and fears disturb thy heart with dread,  
 O, ever trust and watchful, humble be  
 And from temptation thou wilt yet be free;  
 By waters calm and sweet thou wilt be led;  
 Thou wilt have living joy in sorrow's stead  
 And hope will gladden thee continually.  
 All hearts must know vexation, pain and grief,  
 All feet must walk the valley dark and drear,  
 But thro' God's mercy cometh sweet relief,  
 His love hath power to banish every fear;  
 Look upward then, and thou wilt yet behold,  
 The fadeless, golden light of heaven unfold.

*Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.*

## TRUE KNOWLEDGE.

*By Isabel McLeod.*

A LITTLE knowledge dangerous proves  
 It fills the soul with pride,  
 The mind goes upward soaring  
 And thinks there's naught beside.  
 But with a true desire  
 We long for some brave soul  
 To guide our wayward spirit  
 Unto some purer goal.  
 Unto a fount whose waters  
 Will cleanse from pride and woe  
 That we may find true knowledge  
 And meet no adverse foe.  
 No foe of evil promptings  
 Of jealousy and strife,  
 But ever looking upward  
 Attain the purer life.

*Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.*

"The every day cares and duties which men call drudgery, are the weights and counterparts of the clock of Time, giving its pendulum a true vibration and its hands a regular motion.

**"LEARN OF ME."**

WHEN the Teacher began his mission of "good will," he early taught those who were anxious to follow him, that the first and essential requisite for their spiritual success was their obedience to God's light in the soul. He, at once, impressed this fact upon their minds, "I am the Light." Then came the lesson upon which their hope and ultimate victory must rest, and which was,—"Learn of Me."

The disciples who had been up to this date, a class of devout Jews according to the Mosaic Law, were now meeting something that claimed their closest attention. Moses the Law-giver had been the Savior of Israel. He had freed them from the bondage of the Egyptians and directed them safely to the "Land of Promise." Through many generations he had been their inspired teacher and all that was necessary to be known for their present protection or for their future success over all their enemies, they were assured had been faithfully arranged for all time to come.

Suddenly there appears among them one who teaches lessons of peace and good-will to all men. Moses had instructed his people to love their friends but to hate their enemies, and to hate ones enemies is quite like doing all that may be done to injure them, even to the destroying of life. The disciples who were full of Jewish revenge, were ready at an early date to impart this information to Jesus as a reminder that he was trespassing upon the privileges which had been granted to them.

Jesus understood perfectly well all that preceded him, but his mission was in advance of that of Moses. Times had changed and where one had taught a hatred toward an enemy, the other was now teaching them to love their enemies. If they had fulfilled the Law in their lives, they would be justified by the Law, but if any one wishes, said Jesus, to be my disciple he must—"Learn of Me." A new way is now being established and this must claim present attention. All the crooked ways of man must be abandoned and strait paths must be made suitable for the Lord to walk in, and this strait path would be equally as good for man to walk in. No more hating those whom we called enemies. No more deceptive weights and measures while buying or selling.

The pupil can not be of special credit to his Teacher unless he profits by the lessons that are imparted. Although they may include in their illustrations the whole life of man, they must not only aid him to do his whole duty to humanity, but also elevate him to that position that he

may witness the glorious light beyond, and in this—"exalt the Lord our God," for Zion's sake, although it may be at "the cost of our life." In this rests our hope of success.

"Learn of Me." And what have we learned, as messengers, who are called to bear a light to those who are wandering in the "broad way." Just note this simple lesson and mark the progress. "Be not over-anxious," said Jesus, "what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink." There were many things, seemingly, of far more consequence that should be done in the interest of humanity, than to be over-anxious and give so much thought to the pleasures of appetite.

The learning of a lesson implies much more than the committing of it to memory. It must be absorbed into the very life principle, if it is to become an active worker in the interest of others. As faulty as Christianity may be in many respects, it is a growing good in the world, and in many instances has ascended quite above the general mass of humanity, even though a close application to the voice of the Teacher has not been carefully heeded. This may and will be demanded to give an assurance of harmony with the spirit of God, and so allow them to be called the children of God.

If the darkness has been partially dispelled, we may begin to run our heavenly race and not become weary, and we may walk and not faint. If we can be so fortunate while on this pilgrimage as to be learning the great lessons of the Teacher, our time may not have been spent in vain. This education must include all that is for the moral and spiritual good of mankind. To fail in this is to fail in the direct object of our mission, and to become a class of angular Christians who are more concerned about some religious formula or some outward observation, than we are about our own personal discipline.

In connection with this too much care can not be exercised over the language that we use from day to day. Not only profane and obscene words should be avoided, but words that influence toward that which is profane or even vulgar. A Christian who indulges in carelessness of speech must be making a sorry use of his privilege. This care should extend not only to man, but with equal care toward all of God's creation. Not even a horse or a dog should be forced to hear unchristian words from a Christian mind.

In this way the lessons of the Teacher may be wrought out for the good of the many, and the light that has been received from God be made to shine on the pathway of many a weary pilgrim.

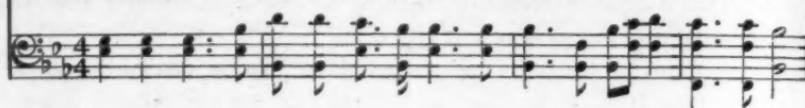
## TOIL AND WIN.

*"It is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure."*—PHIL. ii, 13.

MT. LEBANON, N. Y.



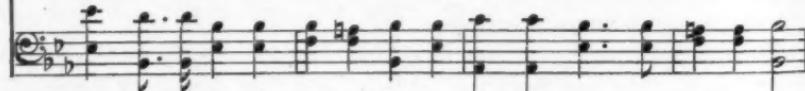
1. Would'st thou stand in triumph with the brave, And wear the laurel wreath of praise?
2. Would'st thou wear in hon - or ves - tal robes, And dwell in light of per - fect day ?
3. Would'st thou live in har - mo - ny and love, A - part from strife of sin and woe?



Would'st thou share the treasures of the true, The recompense of righteous ways? Then  
Join-ing in sweet mel-odies of song,'Mid beauties that will not decay ? Then  
Give thro' faith the sac-ri-fice required, The heaven of heavens to know. Con-



toil for the gain-ing of the prize, The bless-ing of the earnest heart;  
take not for wear-ing garments old, The spot - ted folds of sin and shame,  
trol ev - 'ry passion of the mind, Thy rest - less tho't sub - due in pray'r,



Ef - fort alone will for thee obtain, The substance of the bet-ter part.  
Wash, and be cleansed by the living truth, Thus merit what thy soul would'st gain.  
Bright is the goal that thy winning waits When endless peace thy soul may share.



## THE MANIFESTO.

MARCH, 1895.

## OFFICE OF PUBLICATION.

THE MANIFESTO is published by the "UNITED SOCIETY OF BELIEVERS" on the first of each month, and is the only work issued regularly by the SHAKER COMMUNITY. Its aim is to furnish a plain and simple statement of the religious views of the ORDER and to inculcate the spirit of righteousness.

All communications should be addressed to

HENRY C. BLINN,  
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## NOTES ABOUT HOME.

## Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

Average of Weather at Mt. Lebanon.

## January.

Thermometer.	Rain.	Snow.
1894. 25.52	$\frac{1}{8}$ in.	27 in.
1895. 23.36	$\frac{5}{8}$ "	15 "
Highest Temp. during this mo.	52 above 0	
Lowest " " " "	10 below "	
Number of rainy days	" "	4
" " snowy " "	" "	8
" " clear " "	" "	10
" " cloudy " "	" "	9
		C. G. Reed.

## Center Family.

Feb. 1895.

We the people of Mt. Lebanon have for the last few days been experiencing one of the severest storms in many years. The snow continues to fall, although the wind has abated somewhat just at present.

Water-works have given us more trouble than usual owing to the intense cold wave that struck our Village on Tuesday the 5th

inst. the next day the mercury fell to 18 deg. below zero and our hands have been full ever since in caring for the premises. This cold and blustering weather has made some of the people wish for a more genial climate even to be tormented with mosquitos and gnats and other pests incident to tropical climes.

Next Thursday morning two Brethren of the fraternity, Henry G. Hollister of Watervliet and Andrew D. Barret of Mt. Lebanon leave for Florida to make some initial preparations for a home for those who wish to migrate and we trust they will be abundantly prospered in the undertaking. General health of Society good.

Timothy Rayson.

## North Family.

Feb. 1895.

"As the fire-fly shines only when on the wing, so it is with the human mind, when at rest it darkens." At this time we mentally take a trip to our different communistic homes; unperceived we take a visionary peep into them, and what do we see and feel? a physical, mental and spiritual activity that seems to say, inaction brings stagnation; while work—earnest, soulful work that strives ever for the highest and the best, awakens sleeping forces and eradicates evil.

Are not "the powers of the world to come" already upon us? and are we prepared to receive them? We have another cry from "Macedonia." The Unitarian minister of Pittsfield, nine miles distant, has again invited us to hold a meeting in his church, where we shall set forth our faith, principles and life. Regardless of that visible mountain of difficulty over which we must pass, that rears its snow-white peak in bold defiance; and of the thermometer which now holds its own at sixteen below zero; regardless of that conservative element that clothes with the garments of self-righteousness the people of a wealthy city,—we have determined to go, and preach the everlasting gospel of purity and unselfishness. How much the

world needs such a gospel! We hold the meeting Feb. 17th.

Brother Walter Shepherd, greatly loved and valued by all, leaves us to make his home among the dear friends of Enfield, Conn. This is not a voluntary sacrifice on our part, but what is our loss will be their gain, for no one can come into the sphere of his high-toned moral and spiritual nature without being "lifted up" also.

Sunday, Feb. 3rd, our beloved Ministry attended with us a season of spiritual communion. Truly the sword of the Spirit has hewn down all the idols of self in their hearts. Their lives of sacrifice and devoted service to others, are as guiding, shining lights to all; genuine goodness can not be hid under a bushel.

We have recently received a letter, from a man living in Nebraska, who, several years ago painted for this village; he writes, soliciting aid for the suffering poor of that state. He gives a heart-rending account of their condition, which is actually approaching freezing and starvation, occasioned by the failure of crops. He tells of instances where supplies have been sent to them, but unable to pay the freight required, the railroad companies retained the goods. How long must a betrayed people submit to the tyranny and greed of soulless corporations! How long will gold crush out, not only the love of God, but all human instinct! Willingly would we stretch forth our hands to help, though it may prove but a drop in the bucket. Do we not all need an awakened intelligence in these times?

*Annie R. Stephens.*

### Shakers, N. Y.

North Family.

Feb. 1895.

THE increasing length of daylight which at present is quite perceptible reminds us of the approaching spring time which is advancing rapidly, crowding out old Winter with his boisterous weather. "How swiftly time is passing!" Soon the seed-

time will be upon us with the farmers and gardeners busily preparing the soil and sowing the seed.

The Feb. MANIFESTO came laden with so many good essays that it is difficult to draw the line and say which is best, but we wish to thank Sister M. J. Anderson for "Public Spirit." To consecrate the powers of mind and body unselfishly to help those around us, satisfied with the reward of doing good is perfect service.

Working in a humble sphere requires a higher development of the spiritual life than to give vast sums in a manner that draws forth the plaudits of the multitude. That there are those who are able and willing to give their life services to doing good proves to us that beneath all the selfish forces that largely dominate humanity there is a spiritual principle that will eventually evolve the Divine brother and sisterhood of the race. "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

It is a pleasant pastime to review the beautifully illustrated catalogues of the seedsmen as they come to our table. The luscious vegetables and beautiful flowers there displayed make one forget the winter time. To gardeners who are looking for tools best adapted for all general purposes of garden work whether hand or power we can heartily recommend the Planet Jr. goods. Having had twenty years' experience with this firm we have found them very satisfactory.

A careful examination of the fruit buds of the peach up to date (Feb. 4th) proves that they are largely destroyed. The mild weather of early winter caused the buds to swell, for in a dormant state the peach can stand a lower temperature than we have yet had, safely.

What a desirable thing to cultivate the habit of looking on the bright side of life. At best tribulations will come, and they are the disciplinary forces that chasten the soul for the higher life. Then let patience have her perfect work.

*Hamilton DeGraw.*

## Shaker Station, Ct.

Feb. 1895.

"LET US govern our passions with absolute sway, and thus grow wiser and better as life wears away."

It is our privilege to grow purer, better, more true and loving, so let us make the most of life and its possibilities for good. Each moment of time is valuable, and now is the accepted time. The years are made up of months, weeks, days and hours and it is for us to improve them the best we know how. Pleasant and peaceful is the self-denying path and peace reigns with those who are pure. It is a great mistake not to fill up the spare minutes with something useful. While the world is advancing all around us we must not stand still. Let us cultivate the soul as well as the land, it will be a profitable investment. We must rise to higher degrees of goodness, not only to do better farm work, but to cherish better purposes of soul culture and make our influence felt for good.

How much happier we become when we feel that God is shaping our lives, and we are content to let Him, just lying passive in his hands, knowing that not one more sorrow or trial comes to us than we are able to bear, and that every cross and affliction is for our eternal good; and how much peace it brings to us if we yield our entire will to his blessed keeping.

Every day brings with it many opportunities to learn truth, to shun evil, to do good, and by these means to lay a foundation for a spiritual character.

"Bank notes were first issued in China as early as the ninth century, when the art of printing was unknown in Europe."

"Platinum has been drawn into smooth wire so fine that it could not be distinguished by the naked eye, even when stretched across a piece of white card-board."

\* \* \* \* \*

A good hen should pay all her expenses and three dollars besides in twelve months. Sunshine should be admitted into the

poultry-house whenever possible. With fowls as with other stock, the best feeding is a generous diet regularly given. Generous feeding means generous laying. Profit is the keynote in poultry growing, and the quicker an unprofitable flock is disposed of the better.

*Daniel Orcutt.*

## Harvard, Mass.

Feb. 1895.

THE first of this month is the coldest weather we have experienced this season. To-day the 6th the most blustering, mercury 14 below 0. According to prognosticators this is to be the coldest and most stormy month. So far the mercury has hovered around 0 most of the time. But if all without is secure, and our hearts are warm with Christian love and charity, what matters the storm? only that the poor and destitute must suffer.

This touches the heart of every sympathetic Christian. Then there are those who "go down to sea in ships." What must their sufferings be in such storms? But would there be as much suffering, if fathers would cease robbing their homes to obtain that key which unlocks the doors to destitution and misery? How much better that our abodes should be opened by that key that unlocks the gates of paradise.

Sleighting excellent, which the farmers delight to improve in logging.

Our aged people endure the inclemency of our rough New England winter very well. No illness in Society at present, and hope we may live so wisely and be so protected that all may be well with us.

We remember all our sister Societies and pray God to bless and prosper them.

*Marcia M. Bullard.*

## Shirley, Mass.

Feb. 1895.

THESE are days to be remembered. February 6th, the thermometer marked 15 below zero. Yesterday the 7th the weather moderated somewhat, so that we

could have an old-fashioned snow-storm this a. m., the 8th, which has made it very difficult to get about in any shape. The snow-plow was heard go by on the R. R. a short time since, proving that we are not entirely shut off from communication with our gospel friends in particular, or the outside world in general. There seems to be a great correspondence in all the elements—natural, spiritual, physical, social, moral and political, and what shall the end of all these things be?

Where are the *Wise Men* to tell us? on whom we can rely!

Loud-mouthed demagogues are plenty—is there any better way, than to so live, that we can justly claim a right to the promises of God, applicable to the order in which we are called. They are many and cheering, amid all the changing scenes and storms of life, and we seem to have need of all the courage and energy they are calculated to inspire. May we not fail in the day of trial.

We are enjoying a good degree of health generally. Next winter's wood well under way so that when spring opens—as it soon will) we shall not be far behind, at least. We are glad to hear the good words that come to us from month to month in THE MANIFESTO, or in other ways, and desire to have our love and prayers mingle with those of our gospel relation, so they may arise as grateful incense before our Heavenly Father and Mother, and the Hosts of Heaven, whom it is our ambition to join, when earth's labors and sorrows are ended. With some of us, the time can not long be delayed, but we intend to keep our armor bright, and "never give up the ship."

*John Whiteley.*

#### East Canterbury, N. H.

Feb. 1895.

SINCE our last we have secured the ice harvest which is thought by some persons to be one of the important things of the season. Not less than 103 tons was sc-

curely packed in the ice-house, and this of excellent quality and not less than sixteen inches in thickness. At the present time there is a great scarcity of water in this part of New Hampshire and some farmers are obliged to drive their stock not less than half a mile to procure the much needed supply.

Our reservoirs have failed us and we are really suffering from a water famine. All that is used for domestic purposes must be pumped from the wells and carried in pails to all places where it may be wanted. As all our Laundry work and our machinery for knitting and for printing are dependent upon steam power, we are forced to shut down and wait patiently till the arrival of a few warmer days, as the melting of snow and ice does not progress very rapidly when the mercury is 16 deg. below zero.

The water for some one hundred head of cattle is hauled from a pond at a distance of about one half a mile and after being turned into the trough is warmed by a very curious stove that is placed in the trough, mostly under water. All the water that the cows drink through the winter is warmed in this manner, and the herdsmen consider this arrangement a very valuable acquisition. The 100 tons of ensilage is not quite all gone, as it has been used very sparingly the past month, and only fed to special animals. Fifty-nine gallons of milk from a herd of twenty-three cows is carried to the dairy each day.

We have had nearly a week in which to study the freaks of the blizzard. The wind whirling around the buildings, trees and fences, piled the snow into huge drifts and for several days made all traveling a matter of much anxiety.

*H. C. Blinn.*

#### Enfield, N. H.

Feb. 1895.

Oh! for a thaw! Scarcity of water for power purposes, makes us fearful of a lack for domestic use. We have had no

thaws nor any rain for two months and everything is either dried or frozen up. Mascoma Lake is five feet below the top of the dam, which is as low as it can be drawn. We are glad that it happens in winter, as the same conditions in warm weather might be dangerous to health.

The zero weather has made bad work with the water pipes, as well as large holes in the woodpile. Last month we sent a small donation of clothing to the sufferers in Nebraska.

We are glad to see THE MANIFESTO is still flourishing and full of good things. We wonder though, sometimes, where some of the old contributors are. We appreciate every new one however. Long live THE MANIFESTO!

G. H. Kirkley.

#### Alfred, Me.

Feb. 1895.

TIME well improved does not move with "leaden wings." We were so busy at the time that Home Notes should have been written that the day passed by before we were aware of it. It is true there was not much to write about. We have completed the ice-harvest and the wood-pile in the door yard is steadily growing larger. The weather is very mild.

Candlemas day was overcast, with no sun to make a shadow for the badger or woodchuck to scare him back into his hole and according to the good old sign the worst of the winter had passed. But we have to learn that all signs fail sometimes as this one did. Tuesday the 4th was a stormy day and Wednesday was stormy, more stormy, most stormy, with the thermometer at 16 below zero in the morning, 7 deg. at noon and 8 deg. at evening, with a wind that could well be called a blizzard. Fires in some of the cellars became necessary to save vegetables.

After reading the accounts in the papers we still think Maine a good place to live. We can hardly say as they do at the North family, Mt. Lebanon, that we have been free from colds because we are not

strictly vegetarians, although we yet hope to be. No one has been confined to the house long.

Our term of school, 14 weeks, will soon close. The change from the district to the town system adds somewhat to our school term.

Our Ministry go to New Gloucester the 15th inst., having tarried with us eight weeks. May health and prosperity attend them. Let not the standard be lowered, but preach the gospel proclaimed by the Christ and Mother Ann Lee, which will save to the uttermost all who obey.

Fannie Casey.

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#### South Union, Ky.

Feb. 1895.

HE said to the snow, be thou on the earth,—and here it is in beautiful white, covering the earth for more than a week, and keeping it warm from many a chilling blast: sent by Boreas from his arctic home.

Such a change in climate is delightful when accompanied by a clear, blue sky, and a calm, still atmosphere. It is so agreeable to have a universe of sky and snow, once or twice in a decade of years.

Frost and snow kills many a deadly germ in the soil and atmosphere; and while it purifies the one, it fertilizes the other, a gift and provision of nature for the welfare of the human race who are made in the image and likeness of their Creator.

The health of our Society is reasonably good, for it could not well help being otherwise, being endowed as we are with a full supply of muscular energy, a force which is very useful in many an occupation. Now as some of our eastern Brethren are out prospecting for a more genial climate and fertile soil than they possess in their northern homes, let them not forget to give our zone a thorough examination and blend their mental culture with our muscular energy, and we will have a Society that will be a beacon upon a hill.

James Carr.

[THE following article was received from our beloved Elder Watson too late for insertion in the January MANIFESTO, but we take pleasure in receiving even this notice. The dear Elder at the present time is suffering from loss of sight to that extent that he is unable to read what he has written. Ed.]

### Union Village, O.

Jan. 1895.

WITH the New Year comes our Society Monthly. It is always rich in sentiments and this number especially, bringing the glow of fraternal love and gospel union, so pleasant in this holiday season and so warmly expressed particularly in the "Home Notes." Realizing this seems to suggest this word of counsel. "Go thou and do likewise," as every additional brand though ever so small, adds to the genial warmth. Hence, these few lines of home, comforts our dear gospel relation.

"O how I love those precious gifts  
That flow in our communion  
Though times may change, we are not left,  
We still support our union."

Ours is a farmer's home depending upon seed-time and harvest for our temporal support, which during the past season have been quite good and the drought has seemed to effect our crops less than it has some of the farms about us. Our garden, however, has suffered very severely, from which we harvested about 200 bushels of quite good potatoes. The past season was mild and remarkably pleasant until about the 10th of January, when the mercury went down to zero and one morning to 10 deg. below, and with but little snow on the ground.

We shipped 50 hogs to market a few days since, weighing in the aggregate 13200 lbs. We also had 4000 bu. corn, 3650 bu. of small grain, 75 tons of hay, 40 cattle and 144 swine.

Wishing all contributors to this department and all whom they love a realization of the kind wishes so warmly expressed, for the holiday season, we would tender a like greeting of gospel love and fraternal sympathy.

February came in fair but cool. Wood-

chuck day was unusually bright all day. The children seem to think that if the sleeper came out at all, he must have gone back to his hole under the conviction that he had better stay there a few weeks longer

We are having a remarkably long season of cold weather, the thermometer touching zero and then up to 20 degrees. Brethren are busy preparing the fire-wood. There is but little manufacturing done in the Society, except shoemaking. This is conducted by our good Elder Thomas Mann. We have two inches of snow.

*Watson Andrews.*

### White Water, O.

Feb. 9, 1895.

YESTERDAY morning the mercury stood 14 deg. below zero, and this morning 10 below. We have had very cold weather for about six weeks. I do not know but that we had better think about moving to some sunny, southern climate.

*H. B. Bear.*

### Sabbathday Lake, Me.

Feb. 1895.

OUR winter can not continue a great while longer, for here it is Candlemas day, and we have not seen the sun but it has been clouds and storm all day. Now if the old saying is true, "Winter is gone and will not come again." We have had but very few hard storms, but there is a great deal of snow on the ground and the Brethren are improving the opportunity, hauling out the big logs from the pine woods.

Br. Henry Green of Alfred is with us this week assisting in getting out the poplar strips from which the Sisters make their basket work. Our Brother Henry is always welcome here and his coming this time has especially gladdened the hearts of the children as he has brought them the present of a chair swing which will be erected under some shady tree. Thus

they are anticipating a great deal of pleasure, for the coming summer.

The integrity and fidelity of Br. Henry is widely known at the Summer Resorts of New England, where he spends the season, making sales of the fancy work for this Society and Alfred. He is a noble representative of our Order of life.

The Sisters have woven some very pretty plush rugs which will find a ready sale when the season opens.

School is still in progress and will continue for some weeks yet. We record a successful term with twenty-two pupils.

*Ada S. Cummings.*

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#### FLORIDA.

*By Henry C. Blinn.*

A LETTER from the Brethren of Mt. Lebanon, states that the Societies of Mt. Lebanon and Watervliet have purchased some 4400 acres of land in Osceola County, near alligator lake. The property is now being fenced in and we hope in the near future a residence may be built and a family of Shakers engaged in tilling the land. Until then we may not know fully, either of the land or climate.

At present the reports are very diverse. Some think they can grow all kinds of fruits and vegetables, while others say that the number is very limited.

Br. Alonzo Hollister who is in touch with the Koreshan colony on Estero Creek, writes that they "had on December 25th, string beans, green peas, onions, radishes and sweet potatoes fresh from the garden, and time enough to plant again and have another good crop. They also have fish, clams, oysters, honey and chickens."

Another writer who has been a resident in Florida for several years says "they have flies, fleas, mosquitos and snakes. That there is but little fertility in the soil. You can not raise a hill of beans without fertilizing. We have no grass on which to pasture horses and cattle. It will not grow as the sun is too hot and burns it up."

What a wonderful margin all these

views give us for conjecture. It may be about Florida as it was about the land of Canaan. The company that Moses sent on a tour of inspection did not all see exactly alike, and while some reported favorably, the others did not. The land owners in the state of Florida may sometimes be influenced to see quite differently from a disinterested person and hence, the conflicting statements of honest, honorable men.

This writer also says that he has not eaten an ear of green corn since he entered the state, and he has been a resident ten years. "The corn will not grow in Florida." By and by we shall understand more fully all the ins and outs of the "Land of Flowers" and then may write of Florida as it really is.

Since writing the above we have received the "*Florida Times Union*" with a request that we notice the letter of JOHN H. WELSH, having reference, to the cold wave that passed over Florida in December last. He says, "I have talked with five of the most extensive orange growers in the state. One whose orange crop is 50,000 boxes. "We lost the greater part of our oranges, but I do not think we will lose any bearing trees." Another says, "I will lose considerable tops, but no trees. One thinks he will lose 20 per cent in trees and fruit. The actual loss has fallen upon owners of young trees and nursery-men.

"The loss on lemons was larger than on oranges, but I do not believe many trees are absolutely killed. Quite a number of the planters say that their loss will be slight. I am frequently asked by northern farmers looking to Florida as a home; —What can you raise in Florida besides oranges? To this I make answer, one of my neighbors, Mr. Benjamin Sutton tells me he cleared, the past season, on strawberries at the rate of \$400 per acre. Another raised 640 bushels of sweet potatoes per acre. Florida grows practically everything grown in the United States, and is the natural home of the industrious agriculturist." A writer from Thonoto-

sassa, says that "the orange trees are sprouting out and in a few days will be green. Just how bad the young trees are hurt, can not be told yet." A writer in Eustis says,—"Vegetables are coming in again, and doing well. If frost will only keep off, truckers may be happy yet." Eustis is in Lake Co. and may be some 180 miles below Jacksonville. But as the frost fingers have already touched the dear friends at Estero Creek, in Lee County, it may be difficult to escape its presence in any other part of the state.

*East Canterbury, N. H.*

ACROSTIC.

*By Mary Ann Walker.*

Let us love one another for God is love.—

1 John, iv., 7.

O Lord give me understanding according to thy word.—Psalms, cxix., 169.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me hath everlasting life.—John, vi., 47.

Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above.—James, i., 17.

This is the promise that he hath promised us, even eternal life.—1 John, ii., 25.

Honor all men.—1 Peter, ii., 17.

Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low.—Isaiah, xl., 4.

Let your conversation be without covetousness.—Heb. xiii., 5.

One Lord, one faith, one baptism.—Eph. iv., 5.

Resist the devil and he will flee from you.—James, iv., 7.

Do all things without murmurings.—Phil. ii., 14.

*Alfred, Me.*

FATHER, take me to thy care,

In thine arms, O take me.

Let me lie and rest me there

Till thy voice shall wake me.

And when thy voice shall call me,

To rise and come to Thee,

Thine arms are still around me,

I shall in glory see.

*Mary Agnes Leavens.*

*A poem written for the occasion and read in The Young People's Meeting, Feb. 3, 1895.*

HOME.

*Isabella Russell.*

What pleasant memories cluster round  
The enchanted spot, our childhood's home  
No matter where in after life  
The heart may turn or footsteps roam,  
There lingers still a cherished thought  
We cannot break the magic spell.  
Instinctively we're carried back  
To that dear home we loved so well.

Once more we tread its hallowed soil,  
Once more we breathe its balmy air;  
The joy and gladness who can tell  
That filled our world so bright and fair,  
Ere yet the changing scenes of time  
Had made its impress on the soul,  
While innocence and childish mirth  
Held over us its sweet control.

What cared we then for grief or pain,  
At most 'twas but a passing day,  
For when the glad to-morrow came  
'Twas gone, had vanished far away.  
And in its place new joys arose,  
Created by our magic skill;  
We somehow had the faculty  
Of changing fate at our sweet will.

We loved the birds and bees and flowers;  
We loved the sunlight's cheering rays;  
We loved to walk in shady bower;  
O these to us were happy days.  
The waving grass on yonder plain,  
The murmuring brook with music sweet,  
Are interwoven with a charm  
That helps to make our life complete.

The placid lake we see it now,  
As in the days so long gone by;—  
The trees upon the mountain top  
Seem almost reaching to the sky.  
And thus our childish fancies weave  
A web of thought so pure and grand,  
That in our lives they wield a power  
We do not, cannot understand.

Perhaps symbolic of that home  
To which we turn in faith and prayer,  
Where dwell our friends who've passed be-yond

The ken of mortal pain and care.  
Whose gentle influence o'er us steals  
Like dew upon the thirsty flower,  
While we, unconscious of its source  
Are guided by this unseen power.

O what a grand and noble theme,  
Inspiring heart and brain and hand,  
To work with unremitting zeal  
For God and home and spirit land.  
Convincing us that here and now

Are duties we should well fulfill,  
For in that higher, better home,  
Each deed shall count for good or ill.  
Could any theme our minds engage,  
Productive of more good than this,  
Which bids us now commence a life  
For present gain and future bliss.  
Could we know what lies beyond  
Our mental vision so obscure,  
How joyfully the race we'd run  
How patiently would we endure.  
Life's ills along our pathway strown,  
Intended only for our good,  
And yet God's laws we oft ignore,  
Because so little understood.  
Then let us make our earthly home  
A place where joy and peace abound,  
Where Christian charity prevails,  
Where God is praised and virtue crowned.  
Where each one seeks the good of all,  
In consecrated deeds of love;  
Creating thus a heaven below,  
Allied to our sweet home above.  
Then let us sing the gladsome song,  
In accents clear with music sweet,  
Till all inharmony shall cease  
And heaven and earth in concert meet.  
*Enfield, N. H.*

**SPEAK LORD TO ME***Annie R. Stephens.*

Speak, Lord to me and show  
Thy law divine;  
My inner soul would know  
Thy will, not mine.  
The carnal mind may shun  
The cross, the light,  
Again to Thee I come,  
Lead me aright.  
O, send Thy chastening grace  
And holy fire,  
Consume each darkened trace  
Of sin's desire.  
Serenely I will stand,  
In armor bright,  
With sword of truth in hand,  
Defend the right.  
Speak, Lord, Thy words repeat,  
Give life, to-day;  
Thy whispering voice so sweet  
I will obey.  
Though lingering shadows fall  
Across time's vale,  
If Christ is all in all  
Strength will prevail.

Oh, when I walk in hope  
And heavens' light,  
In doubt I need not grope,  
In error's night;  
Perfect Thy grace in me  
Thy power and life,  
And make me one in Thee,  
Through holy strife.

*Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.***Deaths.**

Eleanor Potter, at the Church family,  
Mt. Lebanon, N. Y. January 21, 1895.  
Age 82 years, 9 mo. and 21 days.

Sister Eleanor has for eighty years been  
a loved member of our family. Virtuous,  
intelligent and useful through a long life,  
when the end came, she "wrapped the  
drapery of her couch about her, and lay  
down to pleasant dreams." A. J. C.

Sarah Small, at South Union, Ky. January 25, 1895. Age 84 years.

Eldress Sarah came to South Union at  
twelve years of age. In early years she  
laid her life down and devoted her all to  
the faith she had chosen. At her dying  
hour she said,—"Angels take me, do take  
me." She was kind, patient, industrious  
and pious.

John Atkinson at White Water, Ohio.  
January 28, 1895. Age 83 yrs. 8 mo. and  
17 days.

Br. John was one of the adventists who  
came to White Water in the spring of 1846.  
His testimony was always in favor of the  
gospel taught and lived by Mother Ann.

Jacob Bauer, at Shakers, N. Y. January  
29, 1895. Age 70 years and 7 months.

He made his earthly home one of cheerful  
industry and contentment and none  
knew him only to love and bless, therefore  
he will be better fitted to begin enjoying  
heaven at once. R. H.

Kate Hennessy, at North family, White  
Water, Ohio. February 7, 1895. Age 56  
years and four days.

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## Books & Papers.

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### DR. PARKHURST ON CLUBS.

DR. PARKHURST will pay his respects to clubs and club-life in his article in the next issue of *The Ladies' Home Journal*. "I consider the club," writes the great reformer, "to be one of the cleverest devices of the devil to prevent homes being made, and to sterilize and undermine them when they are made."

### LATE LITERARY NEWS.

General Lord Wolseley makes a most important contribution to the literature of the China Japan war. In an article for the February Cosmopolitan, he discusses the situation and does not mince matters in saying what China must do in this emergency. Two other noted foreign authors contribute interesting articles to this number. Rosita Mauri, the famous Parisian danseuse, gives the history of the ballet, and Emile Ollivier tells the story of the fall of Louis Philippe. From every part of the world, drawings and photographs have been obtained of the instruments used to torture poor humanity, and appear as illustrations for a clever article, by Julian Haworthorne, entitled, "Salvation via the Rack." Mrs. Reginald de Koven, Anatole France' W. Clark Russell, Albion W. Tourgee, and William Dean Howells are among the story tellers for the February number of *The Cosmopolitan*.

THE JOURNAL OF HYGEIO-THERAPY; Feb. Contents. Primary Facts for Doctors; Phrenology; Anti-Vaccination; A public Benefactor; The Cowpox Merry go Round; Cow Tuberculosis Retrospective and Prospective; Letters from Absent Friends, etc., etc.

Dr. T. V. Gifford, Kokomo, Ind.

In the "Anti-Infidel Library" No 45, we have a very interesting Lecture by H. L. Hastings, that has been delivered in London, Eng. as well as in America. When a man gives his life to a worthy cause, with an unflinching purpose of doing good to humanity, he not only makes himself the friend of man, but also becomes the friend of God. The little work before me is illuminated by the genial spirit of the writer, and he has no hesitancy in telling how to meet the objections of the skeptics. Get the book and read it, and you will have learned many good and profitable lesson.

Address H. L. Hastings, 47 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND SCIENCE OF HEALTH for February more than fulfills the promises made in the January number. In variety, solidity and attractiveness of matter, as well as typography, it is thoroughly up to date. The Hon. John W. Goff is the subject of the opening phrenograph from a personal examination, by the editor, Dr. Edgar C. Beall. As the new Recorder of New York is a figure

of national interest this description of him will attract wide attention.

A Psychological Incident, by Jessie M. Holland, will appeal strongly to lovers of occult phenomena. Prof. Nelson Sizer gives a fine phreno-biological account of the late distinguished Prof. John S. Newberry, and contributes also six pages of excellent illustrated matter to the Child Culture department. Mrs. Charlotte F. Wells sketches the career of the eminent Spanish phrenologist, Don Cubi I. Soler. Spurzheim as Organizer and Teacher, by Dr. H. S. Drayton, is valuable phrenological history.

The departments of Hygiene and Anthropology contain the usual variety. Character sketches from personal examinations, of Emma Goldman and Marie Louise, two well-known anarchists of New York, with portraits form one of the striking features in this issue. How to Prevent Dishonesty in Banks (illustrated,) with a lesson in the physiognomy of the eye, with two beautiful drawings, are among the leading editorials.

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### EXCHANGES.

THE WORLD'S ADVANCE THOUGHT, edited and published by Lucy A. Mallory, Portland, Oregon. This paper is earnestly engaged in "The Unity of Humanity and the Millennium of Peace."

THE ISLAMIC WORLD, a pamphlet of 32 pages published in Liverpool, Eng., in the interest of the Mohamedan religion, and has found its way into a Shaker Village, as an exchange. From this work we learn that the "Koran is not only the standard for religious teaching, but it governs the daily life. It denounces evil speaking, covetousness and excesses of every kind.

THE CHRISTIAN STANDARD, of Cincinnati, Ohio is a pleasant exponent of the religious truths that are accepted by the church of the "Disciples." The church is largely represented in the western states. Iowa is said to have a membership of 40,000 and Ohio of 65,000.

THE TIMES is published in Manchester, N.H. The cause of temperance could have no better advocate, and we wish for it the fullness of success.

THE CHURCH MONITOR is published at Union Mills, Ind. G. F. Welcome, Editor. It is only 25 cts per year and contains much that is very interesting.

THE AMERICAN MESSENGER, is from the American tract society of New York City. It is a very interesting paper and has just entered its fifty-third year.

THE LIVING EPISTLE is edited by J. C. Hornberger and published at Cleveland, Ohio. It is an evangelical monthly and in the interest of Scriptural holiness.

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*Thos Cobett.*

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